ɩT BRITTAINES SUNNES SET, bewailed
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GREAT BRITTAINES
SVNNES-SET,

*BEWAILED WITH A SHOW-
ER OF TEARES.*

BY

WILLIAM BASSE.

AT OXFORD,
Printed by Ioſeph Barnes. 1613.

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TO HIS HONOVRABLE

MASTER S^r^ RICHARD WENMAN *Knight.*

A Soule ore-laden with a greater Summe
Of ponderous sorrow then she can sustaine,
(Like a distressed sayle that labours home)
Some obiect seekes, whe e to she may complaine.
Not that (poore soule) hir obiect can draw from
Hir groaning breast th' occasion of hir paines:
But overcharg'd with Teares shee (widow-like) bestowes
Vpon hir best friends eares, some children of her woes.

Not (like as when ſome triviall diſcontents
Firſt taught my raw and luckleſſe youth to rue)
Doe I to Flockes, now vtter my laments,
Nor chooſe a tree, or ſtreame, to mourne vnto:
My waightier ſorrow now (*Deare Sir*) preſents
Theſe her afflicted features to your view.
Whoſe free and noble mind (were not this griefe your owne)
Would to my plaints be kind, if I complain'd alone.

But such true arguments of inward woe
In your sad face, I lately haue beheld,
As if your teares (like floods that overflowe
Their liquid shores) alone, would haue excell'd
This generall *Deluge* of our eies, that so
Sea-like our earth-like cheekes hath over-swell'd:
As if your heart would send forth greatest lamentation,
Or strive to comprehend our vniversall passion.

And as th' occasion (*Sir*) may iustly moue
To maid-like sorrow the most man-like heart:
So may your griefe (to your beholders) proue
The iustice of His grace, and your desart.
For teares and sighs are th' issues of true loue:
Our present woes our former ioies imparte.
He loues the living best, who for the dead mournes most:
He merits not the rest, who not laments the lost.

To

To you I therefore weepe: To you alone
I shew the image of your teares, in mine;
That mine (by shewing your teares) may be show'n
To be like yours, so faithfull, so divine:
Such, as more make the publique woe their owne,
Then their woe publique. such as not confine
Thẽselues to times, nor yet forms frõ examples borrow:
Where losse is infinit, there boundlesse is the sorrow.

O let vs (*Muse*) this heavynesse (that no
Just heart, vncleft, at one time can sustaine)
By fittes, and preparations vndergoe:
Let's feare, let's hope: tremble; and hope againe.
O, let vs this dysastrous truth ne're know;
But rather deafe and stupefied remaine:
For happier much it were, the hearing sence to loose,
Then loose all sence to heare such an vnhappy newes.

Like

Liketo a changeling(in his sleepes)become
Rob'd of his sexe, by some prodigious cause;
I am turn'd woman: watrish feares benumbe
My Heate: my Masculine existence thawes
To teares, wherein I could againe entombe
His tombe, or penetrate hir marble iawes:
But,O,why should I twice entombe him! O what folly
Were it to pierce(with sighes)a monument so holy!

Here

Here then run forth thou River of my woes
In ceasle lesse currents of complaining verse:
Here weepe (young Muse) while elder pens compose
More solemne Rites vnto his sacred Hearse.
And, as when happy earth did, here, enclose
His heav'nly minde, his Fame then Heav'n did pierce:
Now He in Heav'n doth rest, now let his Fame earth fill;
So, both him then posses'd: so both possesse him still

Or,

Or, like a *Nymph* distracted or vndone
With blubber'd face, hands wrong, neglected haire,
Run through moist Valleys, through wide deserts run
Let speech-lesse *Eccho* eccho thy dispaire.
Declare th' vntimely *Set* of *Brittaines* Sun
To sorrowing Shepheards: To sad *Nymphes* declare
That such a night of woes, his *Occident* doth follow
That *Day* in darknes clothes, and mourner makes *Apollo*.

But

But of his partes thinke not t'expresse the least
Whom Nature did the best in all things forme.
First, borne a *Prince* (next to his FATHER) best;
Then, Fram'd a Man, to be, as he was borne:
Beauty his youth beyond all others blest,
Vertues did him beyond his youth adorne. (ties?
What Muse, what voice, what pen, cã giue thee all thy du-
O Prince of Princes, mẽ, youth, wisdõ, deeds, & beauties.

Fates

Fates, that so soone beheld his Fame enrould,
Put to his golden thred their envious sheeres:
Death fear'd his magnanimitie to behold,
And (in his sleepe) basely reveng'd his feares.
Time, looking on his wisdom, thought him old,
And laid his rash Sythe to his Primest yeares.
Stars that (in love) did long t'embrace so faire a myrrhour
Wink'd at *Fates* envious wrong, *Death's* treason & *Times* errour.

O *Fates*, O *Time*, O *Death*, (But you must all
Act the dread will of your Immortall GVIDE)
O *Fates*, How much more life did you appaule,
When you his liuely texture did divide?
O *Time*, when by thy sythe this *Flow'r* did fall,
How many thousands did'st thou wound beside?
O *Death*, how many deathes, is of that life compacted,
That from all living breathes, his only death extracted.

How

How many braue Deedes ha's the wounded wombe
Of Hope,mis-carryed,now,before their time?
How many high designes haue seene their doome
Before their birth , Or perish'd in their Prime?
How many beauties drown'd are in his tombe?
How many glories,with him, heav'ns do clime?
How many sad cheekes mourne,Him laid in Earth to see
As they to earth would turne,his Sepulcher to be.

Like a high Pyramis, in all his towers
Finish'd this morning, and laid prostrate soone;
Like as if *Nighte's* blacke and incestuous howers
Should force *Apollo's* beauty before Noone:
Like as some strange change in the heav'nly powers
Should in hir *Full* quench the refulgent *Moone:*
So HE, his daies, his light, and his life (here) expir'd
New-built, most (*Sū*-like) bright Ful Mā, & most admir'd.

But

But HEAV'NS, Disposers of all *Life* and *Death*,
Thatour pied pride,and wretched liues mislike,
Tooke HIM that's gone(from vs)to better breath
Vs that remaine,with(death from him)to strike.
His flower-like youth here, there more flourisheth,
His graces then,are now more Angel-like.
Those glories that in Him,so shone,now shine much more
Our glories now are dim,that shin'd in him before.

A And

And thou faire *Ile*, whose three-fold beauties face
Enchants the Three-fork'd *Scepter* of thy *Lover*,
That with thine owne eies drown'st thy lap, the place
That his enamour'd armes and streames would cover:
Make true and two-fold vse of griefe, That grace
May with affliction now, it selfe discouer.
These teares thou dost begin, to shed for HENRYES sake.
Continue for thy sinne, which made Heau'n *Henry* take.

THat

That thy iust IAMES, who hitherto hath sway'd
Thy Scepter Many-fold, and ample Frame,
Many more ages, yet, may liue obay'd
T'enlarge thy glories, and to yeeld the same
Divine examples vnto CHARLES that made
HENRY so noble, and so great in Fame.
For who but such a King, as *He*, can such another
In place of *Henry* bring? who match him but a BROTHER.

And neighbour Lands to whome our moanes we lent
May to our greater losse now lend vs theirs.
Florence hir old *Duke* mourn'd but we lament
A *greater* then a *Duke* in flowring yeares.
Spaine for a *Queene* hir eies sad moisture spent:
We for a Prince (and for a Man) shed teares. (smarted;
But *France* whose cheek's still wet, nearest our griefe hath
For she from *Henry* Great; wee from Great *Henry* parted.

And

And thus, As I haue seene an even, showre,
(When *Phœbus* to *Ioues* other splendent heyres
Bequeath'd the Day) downe from *Olympus* powre.
When Earth in teares of Trees, and Trees in teares
Of Mountaines wade: Like some neglected flowre
(Whose sorrow is scarce visible with theirs)
Downe to my silent brest my hidden face I bow:
My *Phœbus* in his Rest, hath hid his heav'nly brow.

FINIS.

A MORNING AFTER MOVRNING.

LEt me no longer Presse your gentle eies,
Be'ing of themselues franke of religious teares:
But stanch these streames with solace from the Skies;
Whence *Hymen* deck'd in Saffron robes appeares.
Let *Henry* now rest in our memories,
And let the *Rest*, rest in our eies and eares. (ning
Now He hath had his Rites, Let Those haue their ador-
By whose bright beames our Night of mourning ha's a
(morning.

And now (my *Muse*) vnmasque thee: And see how
A second *Sonne* in *Henries* place doth shine.
See *Fiue* great *Feastes* all meete in one Day, now.
Our MARKE keepes his *Sabaoth* most diuine.
Isis and *Rhene* are ioyn'd in sacred vow;
And faire *Eliza's Fredericke's Valentine.*
The *Court* in ioy attires hir splendent brow:
The *Country* *shroues*; And all in mirth combine.
Fiue-times be hallowed, The Day, wherein, GOD rests,
Saints triumph, Princes wed: & Court & Coūtry feaste's.

FINIS.

One hundred copies

